3617 **Waller (Edm.)**, *the Poet, and* **Milton (John)**. SCHOLÆ BATHONIENSIS PRIMITIÆ: | Seu | Excerpta Quædam | E | WALLERI & MILTONI | Poematibus, | Latino Carmine, a Scholaribus quibusdam | SCHOLÆ GRAMMATICALIS BATHONIENSIS, do- | nata. *Quotation from Virg. Fleuron.* Londini, | Impensis H. Hammond Bibliopolæ Bathoniensis. | MDCCXVII. 8vo. *Rom. char. with Ital. passages.* 4 *pp.* + 40 *pp.* (*last not numb.*); *sign.* (2 *ll.*, *B-F*⁴). *Short clean copy; bds.*

London, 1717. 16s.

VERY RARE. In English and Latin. No ed. of this work in Lowndes, Hazlitt, Watt, Allibone or J. P. Anderson (*Bibl. of Milton*). No ed. of this work in Br. Mus.

Et Andreae Asulani | Soceri Mense Martio M. D. XXVII. *Sign.* rumino . . . *Folio. Ital. char.* 81 *ll.* (*numb. at the bottom*) 359 *ll.* (*numb. in* 1436 *cols.*) + 1 *bl. l.* + 14 *ll. with sign.* (1-81, *A-V*[8], *Z*[6], *Aa*[8]). 1 *bl. l.* (*sign. y*[8]) *is missing. Old marginal Very good copy; old vellum.* *Venice*, 1526-2

Brunet, IV 506; Panzer, VIII 496; "De la Vall., p. II, Vol. III, p. 18.

Scholæ Bathonienſis Primitiæ:

SEU

EXCERPTA QUÆDAM

E

WALLERI & MILTONI *POEMATIBUS,*

Latino Carmine, a Scholaribus quibuſdam Scholæ Grammaticalis Bathonienſis, donata.

Ignoſcenda quidem, ſcirent ſi ignoſcere Manes.
Virg.

Bath. Grammar School

LONDINI,

Impenſis H. HAMMOND Bibliopolæ Bathonienſis.

M.DCC.XVII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

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Civitatis Bathonienſis Prætori Venerabili, Totique Fratrum Societati.

Viri Digniſſimi,

DUABUS præcipuè de Cauſis, haſce nullius pretii Chartas vobis dicare in animos induximus, partim ut ob nupera veſtrûm Beneficia, Scholâ noſtrâ munificè adeò exornandâ, grati videremur; partim ut hoc noſtrum

Opuſculum ſplendorem aliquem, quem in ſe non habet, a veſtrûm Patrocinio mutuaretur. Libentiſſimè enim fatemur delicatius Walleri Ingenium, inimitabilem planè Miltoni Majeſtatem Spiritumque, tenues noſtrûm Conatus quàm longiſſimè ſuperare. Non Laudem, ſed Veniam ſperamus, niſi forsàn a magnis Auſis excidiſſe, laudi vertatur.

Vobis,

Omni Studio Devinctiſſimi,

Randew England,
Robertus Chapman,
Johannes Forſter,
Gulielmus Leader,
Ricardus Horler,
Jacobus Sparrow Sen.
Gulielmus Sparrow Jun.

Scholæ Bathonienſis

PRIMITIÆ.

To the KING.

By WALLER.

REAT Sir, diſdain not in this Piece to ſtand

Supreme Commander both of Sea and Land:

Thoſe which inhabit the Celeſtial Bower,

Painters expreſs with Emblems of their Pow'r;

His Club *Alcides*, *Phœbus* has his Bow,

Jove has his Thunder, and your Navy You.

BUT your Great Providence no Colours here

Can repreſent, nor Pencil draw that Care

Ad REGEM.

LLUSTRIS Princeps! parvâ dignare Tabellâ,

Effingi Terræ Dominus, Rectorque Profundi.

Numina Pictores, quæ Cœli ſedibus altis

Fulgent, Imperii variis Inſignibus ornant:

Alcides Clavo, Phœbus metuendus & Arcu eſt,

Jupiter intorquet Fulmen, Tu Claſſe triumphas.

AST ingens Studium nulli ſimulare Colores

Poſſunt, aut valeat quiſquam depingere Curam

Which keeps You waking, to ſecure our Peace,
The Nation's Glory, and our Trade's Increaſe:
You for theſe Ends whole days in Council ſit,
And the Diverſions of your Youth forget.

SMALL were the Worth of Valour and of [Force,
If your high Wiſdom govern'd not their Courſe:
You as the Soul, as the firſt Mover, You
Vigour and Life on every Part beſtow;
How to build Ships, and dreadful Ordnance caſt,
Inſtruct the Artiſts, and reward their Haſte.

SO *Jove* himſelf, when *Typhon* Heav'n does brave,
Deſcends to viſit *Vulcan*'s ſmoky Cave,
Teaching the brawny *Cyclops* how to frame
His Thunder, mix'd with Terror, Wrath and Flame:

Quæ tenet inſomnem, Pacem firmare Tuorum,
Æternum Angliacæ Decus & Commercia Gentis.
Hinc tot Conciliis impendis providus horas,
Atque ſoles Juvenis, juveniles temnere Luſus.

VIRTUS & Robur non fractum vana fuiſſent,
Ni tua corporeas regeret Sapientia Vires.
Tu primus Motor, Tu tanquàm Spiritus intùs
Purior, inſpiras Vitam, donaſque Vigorem.
Auſpice Te, Naves Tormentaque bellica formant
Artifices prompti, celeres penſaſque Labores.

[Typhœus,
HAUD ſecùs ipſe Tonans cum invaderet Aſtra
Deſcendit viſum Vulcani fumida Tecta;
Et jubet immanes Fulmen fabricare Cyclopes,
Sulphureâ incandens Flammâ, miſtumque Furore.

Had the old *Greeks* diſcover'd your Abode,
Crete had not been the Cradle of their God;
On that ſmall Iſland they had look'd with Scorn,
And in *Great Britain* thought the Thund'rer born.

Of a Tree cut in Paper.

By WALLER.

FAIR Hand, that can on Virgin Paper write,
Yet from the Stain of Ink preſerve it white;
Whoſe Travel o'er that ſilver Field does ſhow
Like Tracks of Leverets in Morning Snow:
Love's Image thus in pureſt Minds is wrought,
Without a Spot or Blemiſh to the Thought.

Si tua cognôſſent veteres Habitacula Græci,
Divorum Patri Cunas non Creta dediſſet;
Inſula tantilli ſpatii deſpecta fuiſſet,
Ortum præbuerat Telluſque Britanna Tonanti.

RANDEW ENGLAND.

De Arbore Chartâ inciſâ.

O CELEBRIS Virgo! Chartam ſignare perita,
Nec tamen in Chartâ nigrior ulla nota eſt.
Sic tua pulchra Manus nitido ſpatiatur Agello,
Ut faciunt Lepores plurima ſigna Nive:
Sic caſtis Animis formatur Amoris Imago,
Pectore virgineo flammaque pura viget.

Strange! that your Fingers ſhould the Pencil foil,
Without the help of Colours or of Oil!
For tho a Painter Boughs and Leaves can make,
'Tis You alone can make them bend and ſhake;
Whoſe Breath ſalutes your new-created Grove
Like Southern Winds, and makes it gently move:
Orpheus could make the Foreſt dance, but You
Can make the Motion and the Foreſt too.

Ipſum vel Calamum ſuperas (mirabile dictu!)
Pingendique Artes, abſque Coloris ope.
Nam quamvis Ramos & Frondes Pictor adumbret,
Tu tamen hos Ramos ſola movere facis.
Ore tuo ſpirans Sylvam quatit Aura recentem,
Arboreas ſedes ut Notus ipſe quatit.
In Motum Sylvas modulamine compulit Orpheus,
At Tu cùm Motum, tùm Nemus arte creas.

GULIELMUS LEADER.

On Sachariſſa's *paſſing through a Croud.*

By WALLER.

AS in old Chaos, Heaven with Earth confus'd,
And Stars with Rocks together cruſh'd and bruis'd;
The Sun his Light no further cou'd extend
Than the next Hill, which on his ſhoulders lean'd:
So in this Throng bright *Sachariſſa* far'd,
Oppreſs'd by thoſe who ſtrove to be her Guard;
As Ships, tho never ſo obſequious, fall
Foul in a Tempeſt on their Admiral.
A greater Favour this Diſorder brought
Unto her Servants, than their awful Thought

De Sachariſſâ per Populi Turbam gradienti.

UT veteri Maſſâ Tellus Cœlumque jacebant,
Aſtraque cum Scopulis unà colliſa fuere;
Sol nondum potuit Lucem diffundere gratam,
Longiùs excelſo vicini vertice Montis:
Sic cum per Populum incedat Sachariſſa frequentem,
Impediunt Nympham Turba officioſa ſuorum;
Ut Ventorum Iras inter Fluctuſque furentes,
Navibus a Sociis pulſatur Regia Navis.
Felices fiunt Servi ſtipante Catervâ,
Quod non ſperarent, largitur & ipſe Tumultus;

Durſt entertain, when thus compell'd they preſs'd
The yielding Marble of her ſnowy Breaſt.
While Love inſults diſguiſed in the Cloud,
And welcome Force of that unruly Crowd.
So th' am'rous Tree, while yet the Air is calm,
Juſt diſtance keeps from his deſired Palm:
But when the Wind her raviſh'd Branches throws
Into his Arms, and mingles all their Boughs;
Tho loth he ſeems her tender Leaves to preſs,
More loth he is that friendly Storm ſhould ceaſe,
From whoſe rude Bounty, he the double Uſe
At once receives, of Pleaſure and Excuſe.

A quo formoſam Dominam tetigere coacti.
Scilicet in Turbâ tanquam ſub Nube lateſcens,
Liberius ludit, feſtivus ovatque Cupido.

HAUD ſecus a Palmâ, dum ſpirat mitior Aura,
Sponſus amans diſtat diviſus limite juſto:
Sin Boreas ſpirat, Rami flectuntur amici,
Complexuque optato cum Arbore jungitur Arbos.

RICARDUS HORLER.

On a Girdle.

By WALLER.

THAT which her ſlender Waſte confin'd,
Shall now my joyful Temples bind;
No Monarch but would give his Crown,
His Arms might do what this has done.
It was my Heaven's extremeſt Sphere,
The Pale which held that lovely Deer:
My Joy, my Grief, my Hope, my Love,
Did all within this Circle move.
A narrow Compaſs, and yet there
Dwelt all that's Good, and all that's Fair:
Give me but what this Ribband bound,
Take all the reſt the Sun goes round.

De Zonâ.

QUÆ gracilem felix redimibat Zona Puellam,
Nunc Capiti læto grata Corona foret.
Deſpiceret Princeps vel ſummos Frontis Honores,
Zonula quod cinxit, cingat ut ille Latus.
Hæc fuit in Cœlo, quod me juvat, ultima Sphæra,
Circus quo luſit pulchraque Nympha mea.
Hoc ſolo Gyro, queis tangor, cuncta movebant,
Gaudia, Triſtitiæ, Speſque Metuſque ſimul.
Exiguum ſanè ſpatium fuit, attamen illic
Omne quod eſt Pulchrum floruit, omne Bonum.
Tu mihi da tantùm quod Vitta coercuit una,
Accipe prætereà quicquid & Orbis habet.

RICARDUS HORLER.

To King James *the Second.*

By WALLER.

SINCE *James* the Second grac'd the *British* [Throne,
Truce well obſerv'd has been infring'd by none.
Chriſtians to Him their preſent Union owe,
And late Succeſs againſt the Common Foe:
While Neighb'ring Princes, loth to urge their Fate,
Court his Aſſiſtance, and ſuſpend their Hate.
So angry Bulls the Combat do forbear,
When from the Wood a Lion does appear.

Ad Jacobum Regem ejus Nominis Secundum.

EX quo per Britones cœpit dare Jura Jacobus,
Non ſociæ Gentes violârunt Fœdera Pacis.
Chriſtiadûm Illi debetur Concordia præſens,
Atque novæ Laurus hoſtili Sanguine partæ.
Reges finitimi Exitium vitare ſtudentes,
Præſidium implorant humiles, Iraſque coercent.
Haud aliter rabidi mittunt ſua Prælia Tauri,
Cum videant Sylvâ generoſum exire Leonem.

GULIELMUS SPARROW.

On the Death of Oliver Cromwell.

By WALLER.

WE muſt reſign! Heav'n his great Soul does [claim,
In Storms as loud as his Immortal Fame:
His dying Groans, his laſt Breath ſhake our Iſle;
And Trees uncut fall for his Fun'ral Pile:
About his Palace their broad Roots are toſs'd
Into the Air; thus *Romulus* was loſt.
New *Rome* in ſuch a Tempeſt miſs'd her King,
And from obeying fell to worſhipping.
On *Oeta*'s Top thus *Hercules* lay dead,
With ruin'd Oaks and Pines about him ſpread.

De Morte O. C.

CEDENDUM est! Superi præclarum Heroa [requirunt
Turbine qui sonuit, quò sua Fama sonat.
Insula quassatur moribundis luctibus, Igni
Funereoque cadunt Robora sponte suâ.
Volvuntur Trunci prægrandes Atria circum,
Haud aliter liquit Romulus ipse suos.
Turbine sic Regem nova Roma gemebat ademptum;
Rex modò qui fuerat, jam quoque Numen erat.
Alcides moriens jacuit sic fusus in Oetâ,
Plurima dùm circum diruta Pinus erat.

JACOBUS SPARROW.

A Deſcription of Pandemonium, *the Palace of Satan.*

By MILTON.

ANON out of the Earth a Fabrick huge
Roſe like an Exhalation, with the Sound
Of dulcet Symphonies and Voices ſweet,
Built like a Temple, where Pilaſters round
Were ſet, and Doric Pillars overlaid
With golden Architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or Freeze, with boſſy Sculptures grav'n,
The Roof was fretted Gold. Not *Babylon*,
Nor great *Alcairo* ſuch Magnificence
Equall'd in all their Glories, to inſhrine
Belus or *Serapis* their Gods, or ſeat

Pandemonium Satanæ Palatium deſcribitur.

PROTINUS ingenti ſurgebat Fabrica Mole
E Terræ Gremio, exhalati more Vaporis,
Concentu ſuavi, & grato Modulamine Vocum,
Condita par Templo, quam multa Paraſtata circùm
Munivit, Dorum firmârunt atque Columnæ,
Cum Trabibus ſuper auratis; non defuit illic
Sculpturâ varioque Toreumate clara Coronis;
Ardebat præcelſum auro Laqueare ſtriato.
Non ſic turritis Babylon celeberrima Tectis,
Non ſic magnifice decorata Alcairo nitebat,
Seu Belo Serapive Diis Monumenta parabant,

Their Kings, when *Ægypt* with *Aſſyria* ſtrove
In Wealth and Luxury. Th' aſcending Pile
Stood fix'd her ſtately Height, and ſtrait the Doors
Op'ning their brazen Folds, diſcover wide
Within, her ample Spaces, o'er the ſmooth
And level Pavement: from the arched Roof,
Pendent by ſubtle Magic, many a Row
Of ſtarry Lamps, and blazing Creſſets, fed
With Naphtha and Aſphaltus, yielded Light
As from a Sky——

Regibus aut Sedes, certabat cùm æmula Luxu
Gaziſque Aſſyriæ Ægyptus. Sublimis ad Auras
Fixa Domus ſtabat, ſubitóque volumina Valvæ
Ærea pandentes intus Spatia ampla recludunt,
Subter & expanſum plano de Marmore campum:
Vi magicâ ſuſpenſæ de Laquearibus aureis
Lampades igniferæ, Lychnorum & flammeus Ordo,
Sulphureo Aſphalto Naphthâ infernâque furentûm,
Undique ſparſerunt ſplendenti ut ab Æthere lucem.

ROBERTUS CHAPMAN.

A Deſcription of Adam *admiring* Eve *when aſleep, and endeavouring with a gentle Voice to awake Her.*

By MILTON.

——HE on his Side
Leaning half-rais'd, with Looks of cordial Love
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty, which, whether waking or aſleep,
Shot forth peculiar Graces; then with Voice
Mild, as when *Zephyrus* on *Flora* breathes,
Her Hand ſoft touching, whiſper'd thus: Awake,
My Faireſt, my Eſpous'd, my Lateſt-found,
Heav'n's laſt beſt Gift, my ever-new Delight;
Awake, the Morning ſhines, and the freſh Field

Descriptio Adami, Evam inter somniendum, admirantis, & leni voce expergefacere tentantis.

IN Latus obliquum erectus, defixus in Evâ
Obtutu hærebat placido, Formamque juvabat
Aspicere insignem, quæ, seu vigilaverit Illa,
Vicerit aut Somnus, perquàm spectanda refulsit.
Tum molli, ut cum Floræ lene Favonius afflat,
Attingens leviter Dextram, sic Voce susurrat.
Pulchra mihi Conjux, nuperque inventa, Soporem
Excute, Tu Cœli non enarrabile Donum,
Tu mihi Deliciæ usque recentes, linque Soporem;
Jamjam Aurora Diem induxit, fragrantiaque Arva

Calls us, we loſe the Prime, to mark how ſpring
Our tender Plants, how blows the Citron Grove,
What drops the Myrrh, and what the balmy Reed,
How Nature paints her Colour, how the Bee
Sits on the Bloom extracting liquid Sweet.

Raphael's *going down to Paradiſe deſcrib'd, together with a Deſcription of a Seraph.*

By MILTON.

——DOWN thither prone in flight
He ſpeeds, and through the vaſt Ethereal Sky
Sails between Worlds and Worlds, with ſteddy Wing
Now on the polar Winds, then with quick Fan

Invitant, Tempuſque monet ſpectare tenellæ
Quàm ſurgunt Plantæ, quàm floret Citrea Sylva;
Quæ ſtillat Myrrha, & quæ ſtillat Balſama Canna;
Quàm mirè Natura Colorem intexit, Apiſque
Flore novo inſidit, dulci Succoque madeſcit.

JOHANNES FORSTER.

Raphaelis Deſcenſus ad Paradiſum deſcribitur, ſimulque cum Seraphi Deſcriptione.

CARPIT iter Raphael, celeri promuſque volatu
Deſuper adproperat, trananſque per Æthera vaſtum,
Orbes, immenſos Orbes intervolat, alâ
Nunc ſtabili incumbens ventiſque polaribus, ac nox

Winnows the buxom Air; till within ſoare
Of towring Eagles, to all the Fowls he ſeems
A Phœnix, gaz'd by all, as that ſole Bird
When to enſhrine his Reliques in the Sun's
Bright Temple, to *Ægyptian Theb's* he flies.
At once on th' Eaſtern Cliff of Paradiſe
He lights, and to his proper Shape returns
A Seraph wing'd: ſix Wings he wore, to ſhade
His Lineaments Divine; the Pair that clad
Each Shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his Breaſt
With Regal Ornament; the middle Pair
Girt like a ſtarry Zone his Waſte, and round
Skirted his Loins and Thighs with downy Gold,
And Colours dipt in Heav'n; the third his Feet
Shadow'd from either Heel with feather'd Maile
Sky-tinctur'd Grain. Like *Maia's* Son he ſtood,

Remigio forti faciles diverberat Auras;
Demùm tam longè conſpectus in Aere pendens,
Quàm ſint ſublimes Aquilæ, Phœnicis ad inſtar
Emicuit, dederitque Avibus Spectacula cunctis;
Unica ut illa Ales cum Ægypti tendit ad Oras,
Ut Solis Templo cineres moritura reponat.
Protinùs in Clivo Paradiſi versùs Eoum
Conſtitit, & propriam Faciem, propria Ora reſumit
Alatus Seraphus; ter binis inclytus Alis,
Queis immortales Formæ velavit Honores;
Par latos Humeros quod condecoravit, amictûs
Regalis ritu per pectus penſile fluxit;
Par medium ſtellans circùm ceu Zona tegebat,
Lumboſque & Femora auratâ Lanugine cinxit,
Purpurâ & imbutâ Coelo. Par tertium obumbrat
Calce ab utraque Pedes plumatâ Veſte, coloris

Ætherei

And ſhook his Plumes, that Heav'nly Fragrance fill'd
The Circuit wide———

Adam *calls* Eve *to behold a certain glorious Being which came towards them, and bids her prepare to entertain him.*

By MILTON.

HASTE hither, *Eve*, and worth thy Sight behold
Eaſtward among thoſe Trees, what glorious Shape
Comes this way moving; ſeems another Morn
Ris'n on Mid-noon: ſome great Beheſt from Heav'n
To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchſafe

Ætherei. Ut Maiâ genitus ſpectabilis Ore
Stabat, concuſſitque micantes Vertice Plumas,
Ex quo divinum latè fundebat Odorem.

RANDEW ENGLAND.

Evam Adamus vocat ad conſpiciendam præſtantiorem quandam Formam quæ ad eos tendebat, & in hoſpitium parare jubet.

ADSIS Eva citò, & proſpectu proſpice dignum
Inter procerum Nemus illud versùs Eoum,
Inceſſu miranda venit quæ ſplendida Forma,
Altera ceu medio radians Aurora Diei;
Res forsàn magnas e Cœlo hùc Nuncius adfert,

Hoſpi-

This day to be our Guest. But go with ſpeed,
And what thy Stores contain, bring forth and pour
Abundance, fit to honour and receive
Our Heav'nly Stranger: Well we may afford
Our Givers their own Gifts, and large beſtow
From large beſtow'd, where Nature multiplies
Her fertile Growth, and by disburd'ning grows
More fruitful; which inſtructs us not to ſpare.

Hoſpitioque hodiè noſtro dignabitur uti.
Sed propera, & quæ præbebit tua Copia, profer,
Profer in immenſum, dignos ornaque Paratus
Hoſpite cœleſti; meritò ſua Munera dantur
Dantibus, acceptis amplis donemus & ampla.
Quò Prolem inſtaurat dives Natura feracem,
Pondere majori & fœtus enixa gravefcit;
Ex quo nos etiam parci non eſſe monemur.

JOHANNES FORSTER.

A Deſcription of Satan changing himſelf into a Cherube.

By MILTON.

BUT firſt he caſts to change his proper Shape,
Which elſe might work him Danger or Delay:
And now a ſtripling Cherube he appears,
Not of the Prime, yet ſuch as in his Face
Youth ſmil'd Celeſtial, and to every Limb
Sutable Grace diffus'd, ſo well he feign'd;
Under a Coronet his flowing Hair
In Curls on either Cheek play'd; Wings he wore
Of many a colour'd Plume ſprinkled with Gold,

Deſcriptio Satanæ ſe in Cherubinum transformantis.

AT primò veterem meditatur vertere Formam,
Ut ſit nulla Pericli, Cauſaque nulla morandi:
Pubeſcenſque ſtatim Cherubinus fulſerit, at non
Ordinis excelſi, ſed talis qualis in ore
Flagrare eximio viſa eſt divina Juventus,
Cuilibet & Membro ſummum præbere Decorem;
Cœleſtem Speciem tantâ ſimulaverat Arte:
Pendula Cæſaries radianti Vertice, Gyris
Læta Genas circùm defluxit, geſſit & Alas

His Habit fit for Speed ſuccinct, and held
Before his decent Steps a ſilver Wand.

Adam's *Shame and Complaint after his Fall, is in part deſcrib'd.*

By MILTON.

——HOW ſhall I behold the Face
Henceforth of God or Angel, earſt with Joy
And Rapture ſo oft beheld? Thoſe heav'nly Shapes
Will dazle now this earthly, with their Blaze
Inſufferably bright. O might I here
In Solitude live ſavage, in ſome Glade
Obſcur'd, where higheſt Woods impenetrable

Mille coloratis Plumis ſparſoque nitentes
Auro, habilis Veſtis propere opportuna movendo,
Compoſitoſque regit Paſſus argentea Virga.

ROBERTUS CHAPMAN.

Adami Pudor & Querelæ poſt Lapſum partim depinguntur.

QUO Vultu poſthac auguſta Dei Ora tueri
Suſtineam, Angelicos aut poſthac cernere Vultus?
Quos toties quondam, ah quondam! vidi, atque vi-[dendo
Lætitiam inſolitam percepi, & Gaudia ſumma.
Cœleſtes illæ Formæ fulgore nitentes
Flammifero, quem nunquam poſſim accedere, Formam
Hanc jam terrenam perſtringent. O mihi fas ſit

To Star or Sun-light, ſpread their Umbrage broad
And brown as Evening! Cover me, ye Pines,
Ye Cedars, with innumerable Boughs
Hide me, where I may never ſee them more.

The END.

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Hic Soli ſummoto incultam ducere Vitam,
Æternumque abſcondi, ubi denſæ impervia Sylvæ
Aut Aſtris aut Solis luci umbracula formant,
Qualia fuſcus habet Veſper! Vos mihi Pini,
Vos Cedri ſublimes, latum innectite Tegmen,
Et me conclufum innumeris circundate Ramis,
Ut nec ſpectem Illas, nec ſim ſpectandus ab Illis.

ROBERTUS CHAPMAN.

FINIS.

Advertiſement.

HEreafter will follow other Pieces of this kind, with Orations, Speeches, *&c. Latin* and *Engliſh.*

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